L-221-5-6

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVII. No. 22. MONTREAL, MAY 30, 1902. 50 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

In 'Big-Tree' Land.

('Christian Herald.')

It has been recently said by an authority of high repute that in a few years the commercial value of timber of the State of Washington will be more than all the gold acres,' about one-sixth of the total timber of the United States. Our illustration shows one of Washington's great trees, a low-laid monarch of the forest, its victors standing near, conquering weapons in hand. Arms that wield the battle-axe in such woodland warfare as this should wax mighty in mus-

A LOW-LAID MONARCH OF THE WOODS, NEAR TACOMA, WASHINGTON.

turned out by California. According to a recent government report, 'standing timber of all kinds in Washington is estimated at 410,000,000,000 feet, covering 23,500,000,000 cle. Lungs that breathe in such free air must needs breathe strong and wholesomely. Right royally should the axe ring that fells such arborial lords.

A Pastor's Reverie.

(By Ariel, in 'Morning Star.')

It was before daylight on a Friday morning. The pastor lay with his eyes closed, planning his day's work, as was his wont. He thought of nothing that must be done that very day or never. What a luxury! How seldom he had such a day. When he left his study at half-past ten the night before, his sermons for the next Sunday were completed. He could think of no funeral, or wedding, or yearly, quarterly, prayer or covenant meeting for that day. No committees to meet, no social to attend, no suppers to eat, no societies to address, no picnics to make fun for. There were none dangerously sick. Oh, yes, a man had fallen from his barn some miles away the day before, and he was seriously hurt. 'But he does not belong to my congregation.' 'True, but his pastor is away at annual conference.' 'I must go and see the man to-day.' (The pastor had conducted the funeral services of a member of his absent associate's congregation the day before.) What a treat to have such a day, free from urgent, pressing duties. He had long wanted a day all to himself, to just rest.

But he began to think of things that had been put off 'till a more convenient season.' Things that could wait and had to. There were one, two, three, four, five invalids that he had not called on for some time. He ought to use this day to see them. He dreaded to, though, for he knew that some of them would meet him with reproving looks and words because he had not called sooner. Poor souls! They did not understand. Some of them, however, would be so thankful that he could find time to call on them at all. Then there were two aged ministers that he had felt for a long time he ought to visit. One lived six miles away and the other twenty. But they lived in the same direction. He could reach them both on the same trip. And there was a brother pastor five miles in the opposite direction that he wanted to confer with on important denominational matters. And there was an innumerable number of calls and visits that he had been putting off till he was appalled with the labor and time involved in catching up. And there were one, two,—twelve schools in the two villages and surrounding country that made up his parish. He had been trying to get time to visit them ever since the school year opened. And there were a lot of odd jobs about the house, barn, and garden, that he had been trying to find a day to do up. (It would take a week, at least, to do them all.) And there was an item of private business to attend to. It would take but an hour or two to attend to that, but it had been neglected for a whole year under the press of ministerial duties. Neglected one minute too long and it would be disastrous to himself and family. He had long been waiting for time to write an article or two on important matters for his church paper. He had not made an entry in his diary for weeks. There was a lot of work to be done in his study by way of sorting and filing scraps, indexing books and periodicals, and he had a lot of choice reading on current events laid carefully away for a time to give it attention.

What of all these things should he do to-day?

As he lay thinking it all over, he dropped to sleep and dreamed that he was standing near an open door. Inside, a company of his people was spending an afternoon playing—progressive euchre! He could hear their conversation.

'I wonder what the elder finds to occupy all his time.'

'About all he has to do is to get up in the pulpit a couple of times on Sunday and preach.' 'He makes but very few calls.'

'No, he has not called on the families in our neighborhood for a whole month.'

'And he never called on that—'

The minister was suddenly and mercifully awakened by his wife exclaiming: 'Why, J——, here you are fast asleep after daylight. What an unusual thing for you to do!' (God bless the ministers' wives!) 'I have ironing and baking to do to-day, and the W. C. T. U. meets here this afternoon, and the choir this evening. You said last night that you had your sermons done. You will help what you can, won't you, dear? Any way, you will take care of the baby.'

And the pastor sighed.

Gentle reader, do you think that this is all fancy? Ask your pastor..

A Ten-Dollar Bill From Heaven.

I had a lesson in faith early in my ministry, that did me a world of good, and I think it will always abide with me. Some things we could not forget if we would; some we would not if we could. This incident fits both of these propositions.

In our Conference we had organized a simple sort of mutual insurance company among the preachers. The plan was this: If one of the preachers should die during the year each member of the society was to send to the secretary of the society ten dollars for the widow and family of our departed brother.

I think I was in the second year of my ministry, travelling a small circuit, and living in a very pretty little Ohio valley town. At the time of this event I was engaged in conducting special revival services in a little country school-house about a dozen miles from home. I had made a trip to my home to visit my family, provide for their wants, and go to the post office for my mail.

After an hour or two at the parsonage with my family I walked down to the post office and procured my mail. I sat down under a tree and read my letters. One of them deeply moved me. It was from the secretary of our little conference insurance society, informing me of the death of Rev. Mr. H., an intimate friend and a member of our society.

When I recovered from the shock received from the death of my friend I came around to think of the sad condition of the young widow and her fatherless children. I was urged to at once send in my ten dollars to meet her need.

I had just about $10.35 all told, in the world. It really looked as if I needed every bit of it for my family. I just could not spare it at this time; that was all there was about it. I was to be away from home for a week or ten days, at my meeting out in the country. What could my family do without that money?

Then the other side of the case came up for a hearing. What would poor Mrs. H. do? That helpless family was now left without a head. Did they not need the ten dollars worse than my own family needed it? I could look elsewhere; they could not.

The last side of the case won. I determined to trust God. So I sat down in the post office and wrote a letter, in which was enclosed the money order, for which I paid almost all the money I had in my purse. The letter mailed, I felt better and stronger. With about twenty-five cents in my pocket I stepped out into the sunlight and started up the street towards my home. The thought that melodiously swelled in my heart was:

In some way or other
The Lord will provide.

As I walked along the shaded street, with my eyes half shut, working out my plans as to what I should do before I started for the country, a gentleman halted me with a cheery 'good-morning, parson!' I responded and grasped his hand warmly. It was Judge R., a cultivated Presbyterian gentleman, that stood in front of me. He lived out in the country, close to a pretty white Presbyterian church, where I had frequently preached. He smiled into my eyes; and in a genial manner stated his case, as he put it, in lawyer fashion.

Mr. W., for several months you have been preaching occasionally in our little church, and we Presbyterians all like to hear you. Just now, as I saw you coming up the street, something told me that I should not be benefited by you without making some return for your good service. So I suppose I'd better pay my quarterage—I think that is what you Methodists called it.

With that he reached me a new ten-dollar bill, and moved on. As I thanked him I could scarcely keep from bursting into tears. Had not God put the case of his servant on the heart of this kind man? It was his first and his last offering to me. He never again referred to the matter of paying me for preaching. He was heavily taxed for the support of his own pastor. I shall always feel that God's Spirit deeply moved him on this special occasion.

My faith was honored. I had a most signal victory. After a pleasant hour at the parsonage I mounted my horse, and rode out through the glories of that early Autumnal day with a heart in full harmony with the beauty of God's world spread about me.—Methodist paper.

Recklessness grows with drinking; the more 'drams' the less 'scruples.'

Teachers and Teacher Training.

(Bishop John H. Vincent, D.D., LL.D., in 'Western Advocate.')

Good teachers are everywhere in demand. The age requires them. They receive good wages. In the educational work of the Church—the work that applies the truth through the grace of God to human character—there is greater necessity than ever for wise, strong, earnest, skilful teachers who can adapt themselves to all classes of society. The increase of the reading habit, the production of a vast amount of reading matter, good and bad, the larger experience of people by travel, and by reports of travel, the multiplication of agencies for popular education—all increase the necessity for the right kind of religious teachers.

Nowhere is there greater need for progress than in the Sunday school. And progress here is easily possible. Every day our families grow in general intelligence Day schools steadily improve. Pedagogical discussions are common. Newspapers in behalf of education among the humblest people abound—university settlements, lecture courses, night schools, clubs, home circles, newspaper study courses. The Sunday school may easily keep up with the other agencies of popular reform and improvement.

Especially is there necessity for this in view of the immense increase of religious doubt—bold, defiant, profane. And in the equally significant increase of popular interest in ethics and religious faith. Our poetry and works of fiction, our lecture platforms and secular newspapers are schools of faith as well as of doubt. And the Church has a new responsibility and a new task.

How shall the Sunday school increase in teaching power? Let us say, first of all, that it is not the mission of the Sunday school to combat the theories and attempt to answer in a formal way the arguments of infidels and scorners, nor to attempt directly by discussion to remove the doubts of the sceptical.

We must teach in a positive way, out of profound personal conviction, the simple facts of the Gospel history, the simple truths of the Gospel creed, and the simple duties of the Christian life. Incidentally we may throw light on difficulties we encounter; but the easiest way to dispose of intellectual difficulties is to keep the heart warm and the conscience clean. We may make concessions concerning certain old claims about the Bible and the Church and the requirements of the Christian life; but even these must be made with caution, in kindness and in humility. It is not necessary to accept everything that even good people have defended as parts of faith. But it is necessary to believe that the Bible contains the Word of God, that supernaturalism is the only key to its fundamental teaching, and that life—the life of the Spirit within and the life of obedience without—is the essential thing in Christianity. This is the work of the Christian ministry. In a sense Sunday school teaching is a part of that ministry.

But here let the essential be emphasized: Personal religious experience that develops through God's grace personal Christian character is indispensable to efficiency in the teaching of God's work. The end aimed at is salvation—'salvation is health.' The agent ,to be successful, must himself be saved. He must be what he teaches. Christian character-building is our work. We must have Christian characters. This cannot be made too much of, as we discuss the training of teachers. The superintendent must by his conviction, his spiritual tone, the force of his personality, by his habit of expression, and the consistency of his daily conduct, impress his school, and especially his teachers, with this radical, this supreme idea.

He should, in this work of training his teachers, make much of Bible knowledge. That, of course! He should make much of the art of teaching. Undoubtedly! He should insist upon the supernatural forces that come through prayer, and beget subjective experience. The teacher can do little without this! But he must train his teachers to train themselves in the type of life they are appointed to cultivate in others. The divine forces are absolutely necessary. But the human application of them is equally necessary. Character-building is a holy art. It is the highest of all the arts.

Therefore Sunday school teachers must be taught to live for their professional fitting—seven full days every week, and no weeks of vacation in the year. They must learn the secret of self-repression, of self-possession, of self-recollection, of concentration in thinking and in praying, of wise silence, of generous judgment, of forbearance and patience. They must learn how to do required duties when not naturally inclined to do them, when such duties are disagreeable and 'against the grain'—visiting the poor, the sick, the unappreciative, the degraded. All these things and the like, must grow out of the reality of a spiritual manhood and womanhood. This is what the Sunday school of to-day needs.

The Hidden Worker.

She held the lamp of truth that day
So low that none could miss the way,
And yet so high to bring in sight
That picture fair—the world's Great Light!
That gazing up, the lamp between
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

She held the pitcher, stooping low,
To lips of little ones below;
Then she raised it to the weary saint,
And bade him drink when sick and faint.
They drank—the pitcher thus between
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

She blew the trumpet soft and clear
That trembling sinners need not fear.
And then with louder notes, and bold,
To raze the walls of Satan's hold—
The trumpet coming thus between
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

But when the Captain says, 'Well done!
Thou good and faithful servant; come,
Lay down the pitcher and the lamp,
Lay down the trumpet, leave the camp,'
Thy weary hands will then be seen
Clasped in thy King's—with nought between.

—'Irish League Journal.'

Postal Crusade.

GENEROUS GIFTS RECEIVED.

We are pleased to announce that the folfowing amounts have been received for the Postal Crusade, and have been handed over to Mrs. Cole, the Secretary:—Miss Minnie Butler, Shoal Harbor, Nfld., $4.86; Miss Mabel Brand, Forest, Ont., 30c; Mrs. A. C. Havill, Brantford, Ont., 70c; 'A Well-wisher,' Bruce, Ont., 50c.

BOYS AND GIRLS

From Clown to Preacher

('Christian Herald.')

One evening a strange visitor called to see me, who stated that he had been to our services sometimes, and wished to converse with me on what he had heard on those occasions.

'Well, I shall be glad enough to be of any service to you,' I replied. 'It's my business, you know; and my pleasure too.'

'Ah! you're a happy man,' he said, with a sigh. 'Your business is your pleasure. I wish I could say the same. My business, or I should say my profession, to be strictly correct, is my misery, my bondage, my trial and temptation, my anything you please' (here he rose from his chair, struck a tragic attitude, and fell into a melo-dramatic tone), 'my anything and everything you please, sir, that is cruel and hateful!'

'Indeed,' I said, 'I am truly sorry to hear it. Who and what are you?'

'I am a fool, sir,' he said, 'a fool—a fool by profession, sir. A clown, if you like. When I'm dressed for action I wear the "cap and bells," and don the motley, and chalk my face and dab it with red and blue paint in stars and stripes and crescents and crosses. Why, the last time I did myself up, and took a final look in the glass, I was so sick and sad about the whole miserable business, and to think that a man with my feelings should be obliged to make such a pitiful ass of himself, I burst into tears; and they ran down my cheeks and made ugly gutters in the chalk and color, so that I had to do it over again, and came on to the stage long after the prompter's call, and the guv'nor swore at me like a trooper. For the first time in my life I didn't swear back.'

Here his self-command forsook him. He sat down and buried his face in his hands.

THERE WAS NO ACTING NOW.

All was natural and unrestrained as the trouble of a child.

After a little questioning, my visitor said: 'I paid a stray visit to your chapel, sir, one Sunday evening, just to while away the time; and when I'd been once I wanted to come again.' Then, in answer to some natural question as to the reason of this desire to repeat his visit, he said; 'No; it was not anything I heard that particularly impressed me and drew me there a second time, and a third. Oh, no; you preachers make a great mistake if you imagine that talking does all the business. I was too anxious to hide myself, and too busy with my own thoughts and feelings. No, it wasn't that made me come again. It was the air of the place—so different from what I'd been used to for twenty years in common lodgings, and public-houses, and "green rooms," and on the stage. It almost choked me at first with an excess of oxygen.'

'A what?' I exclaimed. 'Why, my people complain of the bad air, and ask for more ventilation!'

'I speak in tropes and figures; 'tis my wont,' he replied. 'Yet surely tropes may be permitted here. The soul requires its oxygen.'—'Yes,' I rejoined, 'we've something like it in one of our hymns:

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air."'

'Just so,' he remarked; 'you sang it the other night, and it gave me pause. I said within myself, "I'm not a Christian; I cannot breathe freely in this heavenly atmosphere." I drew my figure thence.

'Ah, well,' he went on to say in a perfectly natural style and tone, 'I can breathe a little more easily now.

I'M GETTING USED TO IT.

In fact, I've come to love it, and wish I could be always living in it. It's the other atmosphere that bothers me now. I must get out of it, or it will be the death of me one way or the other; most likely one way and the other—soul and body too. You may try to imagine all that I endure, but you never will. Just think of it for a moment, and you may guess a little of what it means. A clown with a conscience—that's what I am. A fool at a twopenny theatre, capering about the stage and cracking jokes,

THE CHEERING WAS TREMENDOUS, BUT I HEARD HISSES.

while my heart is sinking within me under its heavy load of sin. I'm often sick and faint when I have to face the crowd of grinning fools who come to laugh at my jokes and applaud my antics. Jokes, indeed! Why, if it were not for my old stock and my wrinkled "chestnuts" I couldn't have a joke to crack or a tale to tell. For I can't invent now. All my timelies and locals are done for. The guv'nor noticed it only last week, and says to me, "What's the matter with you, Perkins?" he says; "we ain't had an echo from town affairs for a week or two. What's the good o' my takin' in the local papers, an' payin' for you to stop at the 'Green Man,' where there's more town gossip to be picked up in a night than you'd get at other places in a week? We ain't had a local hit or a timely bit for at least a fortnight. An' as for yer jokes," he says, "I could get a feller for half the money to work up old stock, as you're doin' now. What's the matter wi' yer? You're as flat as dishwater!"

'Aye, I could have told him what it was, fast enough. But the time hadn't come.

IT WILL COME SOON, THOUGH.

It must, or I shall break down altogether. Only two nights ago I went on the stage, and instead of cutting a caper and grinning at the grinning crowd, I stood still for a minute, and actually shut my eyes and began to pray silently. The company was deathly still, waiting for me to do something extraordinary. When I opened my eyes and saw where I was, and bethought me what I'd done, you might have knocked me down with a feather. The company stared at me, and I stared at the company for a moment, until I jerked out something about forgetting my handkerchief, and tripped off the stage to come back again in a few minutes trailing a patchwork bed-cover after me. Oh, the fool I made of myself with that bed-cover, and how the people laughed! The guv'nor, who was looking on, said it was the best thing I'd done this season. And yet my heart was breaking all the time, and my jokes were given with a lump in the throat; and you'd hardly believe it, I daresay, but it's a fact nevertheless, that my head was full of texts of Scripture. They seemed to take turns with my silly jokes. As soon as I had got rid of one of them, a Bible text came into my mind, until I ousted it with another wretched bit of nonsense. At last a voice seemed to thunder in my ears,

"THOU GOD SEEST ME!"

and I dropped the bed-cover and shot off the stage as if the very devil had me in chase. Fortunately for my relations with the guv'nor, I tripped over something and went sprawling, and got away by rolling over and

over. He thought it was part of the play, and greeted me with, "That's better, Perkins; that's better!" and the company laughed as they hadn't laughed for a month or two. And I went away to the "Green Man" to read the Bible, and to sigh and sob and pray. That night I determined to make an end of it all, to quit the stage as soon as ever I could get the guv'nor to let me go, and to come and have a talk with you. What was that you said on Sunday night about the lamp of the Lord lighted in the soul? That's my condition just now; a clown with a conscience, that's what I am. I went home from the service with that text

LET US PRAY, SAID THE EX-CLOWN QUIETLY.

and Othello's words jumbled up together in my head: "Put out the light, and then put out the light." "What does it all mean?" I asked myself when I got into my room alone. If God has lighted this lamp in the soul to show me what a miserable fool I've been,

I DARE NOT PUT IT OUT,

and I'll take care that nobody else shall do so. Othello put out the light in order to commit murder. And if I were to put out this light, it would only be to commit self-murder. No, the light shall not be "put out."'

The man was writhing with mental pain. For a few moments he could say no more; and I found it hard, and thought it best not to attempt, to speak. At last he lifted his head, caught sight of the timepiece, and exclaimed, with a look of terror on his face:

'Look at the clock! I must have been here two hours. And we've a rehearsal at this very hour.' Then moving toward the door, he said: 'I'll come and see you again, if I may. Meanwhile, pray for me; and remember that there's no place on earth where a man has a tougher fight with the devil than on the boards of a twopenny theatre. If the devil can be beaten there, he can be beaten anywhere, for that's beating him on his own ground, with his own weapons.'—He then hastened away.

As soon as I entered the room, where my dramatic friend came for our second interview, he rose and said:

'It's done, sir. The die is cast. The Rubicon is crossed. I'm no more the devil's dupe and slave;

I'M GOD'S FREE MAN.

Good-bye to "cap and bells"; good-bye to chalk and paint; good-bye to sock and buskin!'

'Then you have actually left the stage for good and all?'—'Oh, yes,' he said, 'I've left that stage, 'tis true, but "all the world's a stage," you know, and now I go to act another part'; and here, altering his tone, he went on quite naturally, and with much seriousness: 'God help me to act it well. It will need a good deal of getting up, for it is almost entirely a new role, and I shall want a prompter pretty often, I fear. Thank God, I can pray over my part now, anyhow, and go on my new stage asking him to help me.'—I said something about our constant need of a Divine Prompter to guide us aright.

'Oh, yes,' he said; 'he always comes in at the right time; not like the other, who sometimes bothers you when you don't want him. It used to be my boast to be independent of him. But I must rely on this One; and the oftener he speaks the better. And his is not a loud, but "a still, small Voice."

Then he went on to say: 'Guv'nor was awfully afraid of my farewell. "Now, Perkins," he said, "you're to leave quietly, you know. None o' your epilogues, or apologues, or monologues, or dialogues for me. I don't want this respectable theatre turned into a common meetin'-house. It's always been conducted respectable, and I mean to keep it so, and I'm not goin' to have no scene as would get into the papers and let me down with the profession all over the country. So just take my cue and hook it quietly." I don't know what he had expected me to do, I'm sure. I'd no thought of anything beyond a

GOOD-BYE AND THANKS

and a hint that I might meet some of my audience under very different circumstances elsewhere. And this I did manage to give when they recalled me after my final scene, in which I was the hero, and had to wind up the piece alone. I made a bow as the curtain fell. On the recall, it was clear to me that my intentions had got wind. The cheering was tremendous, but I could hear a few hisses. As soon as I began the guv'nor called "Silence!"—to me, you know. But the company thought it was for them. So I said my say, and wound up with a bit from Perkins and Milton:

"And now, my worthy friends, I say adieu,
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."'

After this we fell to talking about ways and means. 'I'm not afraid,' he said, cheerfully. 'I've begun to do something already to earn an honest living. Among other things I've done a good deal of scene-painting in my time. All the scenes they're using to-day are my work. I picked up the art at Nottingham years ago from a fellow we employed there, a drunken rascal, who took me to his workshop one day and showed me all the ins and out of the business. And this is how I'm going to turn my craft to account. Look at these,' he went on, after reaching out his hand and taking from a corner of the room a long roll of stuff wrapped up in a piece of brown paper. He unrolled two window-blinds made of stout holland and painted all over, first with a green ground, then adorned with a rich border of flowers—tiger and water lilies, sunflowers, peonies, and other rustic beauties,—and set off in the middle with a Swiss landscape or a sea-piece, bathed in the rosy hues of sunset or the pale light of a crescent moon turned the wrong way (we managed to turn it around with astronomical propriety in a week or two), and giving as much light from its crescent face as the harvest moon at the full.

'Look at these,' he said, with a modest pride;

'I'VE EARNED MY FIRST POUND

as a decent member of society with 'em. I can do 'em for ten-and sixpence each, and turn out three or four a week easily, and live comfortably on the profits—if I can only get orders for 'em. These two are sold already. That's for the "Green Man" bar-parlor, and that's for a grocer's shop, where I've been dealing since we came to the town. And I've three more orders to-day. Don't mean to be beaten, sir! They told me I should starve; but I don't think I shall.

That text you gave me out of the thirty-seventh Psalm has been running in my head all this week. No, they don't stick when you roll them up [in answer to a timid question I had ventured to put to him a moment previously]. I've got over that by the use of a patent varnish. Dry as tinder, sir; and the crackle they make is like music.'

For a week or two after this I came across painted blinds in different parts of the town as I went on my pastoral rounds. I knew them in a moment for my friend's handiwork with their floral borders, and mountainous monstrosities of landscape, bathed in the light of sunset or moon-rise. 'Seen my new blind?' a woman said to me one day as soon as I had stepped into her little 'parlor.' Then, without more ado, she went on to say, 'Just you go outside while I let it down. There's a beautiful "mountainous" picture on it as'll do yer eyes good to see. Master says he never see'd note like it in his life. There ain't its match in the hart gall'ry. Just you go outside a minute. You can't see the beauty of it from the room.'

Before I had finished my inspection I was joined by one or two spectators, whose comments would have made the artist blush with honest pride.

A VISIT TO HIS HOME.

'Will you come in and see me in my home?' my friend asked one day. 'You'll find my room a queer sort of place. It's refectory, kitchen, lavatory, oratory, and workshop, all in one.'

I went with him, and soon he began to speak of a matter which he told me had been upon his mind day and night ever since he had turned his back upon the stage. 'I must come out,' he said, 'or I shall never have any comfort and self-respect as a Christian. I had thought of giving myself a six months' trial before making any public declaration. But it won't do; I'm getting miserable about it, and ashamed to show my face among Christian people. Will you baptize and take me into the Christian fold? Oh, my dear sir, if you knew how wretched I am when I think of this delay, and how much I think of a public profession as a duty I owe to my Lord and Saviour——' Here my friend was more completely overcome than I have ever seen him. I assured him there was no reason for delay; I should only be too glad to be his servant in the matter, and I was sure my church officers and all the members of the church would take the same view. 'Thank God!' he exclaimed; 'you have taken a load off my mind.'

Never did I baptise a more tearfully joyful disciple, and never in all its long history did the old meeting-house shelter a more curiously mixed congregation than the one that came together—to use the current phraseology—'to see a tom-fool turn Christian and be baptized.' Every section of the Church and of society seemed to be represented. The whole troupe from the theatre seemed to be there also. 'Let me stand facing them,' he suggested, when he heard, just before the service, of their presence and the place they occupied; 'I was ready enough to stand up with them on the stage.

I WILL NOT TURN MY BACK TO THEM NOW.'

No worshippers could have behaved better than they did, and when the critical moment arrived for which we all looked forward, and the words of the sacred formula were repeated, some of them were fain to hide their faces and their tears behind the lofty framework of the old-fashioned pews.

In a few days the theatre was removed to another town. 'We must clear out,' so the guv'nor was reported to have said, 'or I shall lose some more of my troupe. Tom Perkin's performance has spoilt my game in this place. We must get away before any more harm is done.'

On the way home after Sunday evening service, a week or two later on, I noticed a large crowd of people of all sorts gathered around a speaker in the market-place.

'Who is the preacher?' I asked a policeman, who was looking on from the edge of the crowd.

'They tell me as its Perkins, the clown, sir; him as was baptized a Sunday or two ago. But I don't know him myself, sir; never was inside o' one o' them travellin' shows in my life. He's a good speaker, anyhow. Don't bawl and shout; and yet you can hear 'im if you stand anywhere in the crowd, as plain as you can 'ear me now.'

It was true enough. In a musical, well-modulated, and well-controlled voice, my friend was holding the attention of everyone in this large crowd, while he spoke to them of the great change which had come to him, through the

RENEWING POWER OF CHRIST'S GOSPEL.

'Some of you have seen me in a different guise,' he was saying as I approached. 'You would recognize me at once if I were rigged out in the old toggery. Some of you know me well enough in my show days. But you don't know me now, because I am clothed decently, and have left my face as God made it. It's a great change for me to open my mouth in public without first making myself look a silly fool or a swaggering ruffian. But the change from a painted face to a plain face, from motley garments to modest attire, is nothing to the change within. Aye, if I could only make it plain to you, and tell you what it all means, and let you know what a load has gone off my mind—an ugly load of sin and fear—and what joy and peace have come to take their place! If I could only make you understand a hundredth part of the blessedness of feeling that your sins, which are many, are all forgiven! If I could only show you Jesus Christ as I saw him on that night a few weeks ago when I sat up till daybreak with the New Testament in my hand! If you could only hear him say to you as he said to me, "Him that cometh unto me"——Excuse me, my friends, I can't go on; it's too much for me; just sing a verse, will you?'

A clear voice rose from the midst of the crowd, 'O happy day that fixed my choice.' But very few were able to join in the singing. Most of those who did so were women; the men were nearly all of them silent. At the close a well-known local preacher mounted the chair and said: 'Now, friends, you've heard our brother's testimony; he can't say no more this evenin', bein' as 'is 'art is too full. Go hum an' think abewt it, and kum 'ere next Sunday night, and he'll speak to you agen.' Then, with a brief prayer, he dismissed them.

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Stony Ground.

(W. Rye Leigh, in 'The Methodist Recorder.')

(Continued.)

She lay there, covered by a ragged and dirty counterpane, with an old coat rolled under her head to serve as pillow, and even David Middleton's unpracticed eye could not fail to see that she very ill.

She was the counterpart of her sister in the shape of her face and the color of her hair, and not unlike her in feature, but though her eyes were bright with fever David thought they were softer and dreamier than Victoria's, and her lips were not so thin and firm. Her cheeks burned crimson with hidden fire, but the delirium had left her and she was quite sensible, as the doctor had said.

'I knew ye'd come,' she said in a low tone, while a faint smile lit up her face. 'I' young leddy said 'at we must ask right 'art if we wanted aught right bad an' 'at 'E'd 'earken. An' I shut my eyes right tight an' asked ever so many time an' I knew ye'd come, cos 'her said so.'

Oh, the simple faith of childhood! How it puts us to shame! How reproachfully it speaks to us who are of larger growth!

David wondered who 'she' was and why Jinny had not sent for the young lady in whose words she had so much confidence, but it was no time for curious questionings. He laid one hand on the little girl's hot palm and with the other smoothed back the tangled hair from her forehead. Then a sudden thought struck him and he drew a white linen handkerchief from the breast pocket of his overcoat and, gently raising the child's head, he spread the handkerchief over the rough pillow. 'It looks better,' he said to himself, 'and it will be cooler.'

The child looked up into his face and smiled again, but she sighed, too—a little sigh of gratitude and comfort, that stabbed David Middleton's heart and made him sob a little, deep down, for he had children of his own.

'And why did you want to see a parson so badly, my child?' he asked. 'Do you want one to tell you more about the Saviour whom the young lady loves?'

'I want ye to tell me all about it agen, so as I'll know it's true,' gasped the little sufferer. 'Tell me as quick as ye can if 'E loves little uns like me. Tell me if 'E loves them 'at's been bad uns, an' if ther' is really a place for me. Ther' is a place for me, isn't ther'? Oh! don't say 'at ther' isn't a place for me, 'cos t' young leddy said ther' was,' and the child's eyes opened wide and gazed up into David Middleton's face with such a yearning look of intense anxiety that the tears sprang into his eyes and overflowed.

'Oh, yes, my child, yes! Do not doubt it,' he answered, earnestly, and he stroked her hair fondly as he spoke. 'The Lord Jesus Christ loves little children; loves them dearly. When he was here on earth he used to take them up in his arms and bless them. He died for little children and there are thousands of little ones with him in heaven.'

'I know,' whispered the child, t' young leddy said so. Go on.'

'Why,' continued David, 'do you know he told us grown-up people that we should have to become like little children before we could be fit for heaven. He meant, you know, that we should have to love him like a child loves

—' he was about to say like a child loves its father,' but he could not say that, there, so he said—'like the children loved him. You love him, don't you?' David paused, but he felt sure what the answer would be.

'Ay,' answered Jinny with the simple directness of childhood. 'Ay, I love 'im. I've loved 'im ever since t' young leddy tell'd us 'at 'e loved us little uns. 'E does love me, doesn't 'e?'

It was confirmation that the child wanted. Not the confirmation of the church by the laying on of hands, but the confirmation of faith, the ratification of the hope that had been sown in her breast and had taken root there.

'Surely he does, my dear, surely, and he is making your home ready for you now. He is waiting for you. He wants you to himself and he will send his angels for you soon to take you to that better land. You'll not be afraid to go with Jesus, will you?' said David falteringly.

'I shall be glad to go,' she gasped, for the strain was telling on her, 't' young leddy said 'at we should never be 'ungry any more, an' allus be warm an' 'appy, 'an' I'll never be kicked an' thrashed there, will I? Ther's nob-dy, 'at 'll 'urt little uns there, is ther'?"

'No, no, Jinny!' replied David, 'you will always be happy there. Nobody will hurt you there, but everybody will love you and you will be one of Christ's little lambs, playing in beautiful meadows and beside sweet little streams.' David Middleton believed and therefore spoke.

'I wish I wa' goin',' came a voice from the three-legged stool by the fire. Victoria had her head in her hands, but she was listening all the time.

'Whist! wi' ye!' said her mother in a loud whisper, raising a threatening arm.

The child upon the bed gave another sigh of grateful anticipation and settled a little lower in the bed. She was getting very tired and did not want to speak much more.

'Tell me more,' she said, but she spoke wearily and her eyelids began to close over her eyes, as David spoke gently to her of the love of Christ and the joys of the land whither the young pilgrim was journeying; but when he paused, thinking she was asleep, she opened her eyes and said:

'I' 'earkenin'. I ommost thought 'at I could 'ear 'em singing'. T' young leddy said 'at Jesus 'ud 'appen kiss t' little uns when they got there. Say, mister, will he kiss me. Nob'dy ever kissed me.'

Then a great lump rose in David Middleton's throat and the city merchant did a strange thing—perhaps after all it was not so very strange. He bent down over the bed and kissed the hot face of the gutter girl, because he was a father and a brother in Christ of the grimy child. And the man with the pipe who had been a silent observer of it all; the man who was the terror of Nicholson's court and all the neighborhood around, seeing the Christlike act of the man of God, swore low down beneath his breath a great oath of reformation and thenceforth honored every other parson for David Middleton's sake.

But Jinny's eyes filled with tears, and she put her arms round David's neck and sobbed as if her heart would break, for she had been a stranger to love and found it sweet.

So David Middleton prayed a simple prayer and kissed her again, and then said 'Good-bye,' whilst Jinny promised to run often to the gate that she might meet him when he came, and whispered that she would tell Jesus that he hau been good to her.

And Victoria guarded him to the tramlines again, and as she turned to leave him she jerked out—

'Will 'E love me an' all?'

'He does love you,' said David, 'and do you know if you try to love and serve him you will become worthy of your name, which means Victory. Will you try?'

''Appen I'll go an' 'ear t' young leddy,' said Victoria, and walked away.

About the time that David was thanking God at the family altar for all his mercies —never thinking of bad debts and delayed remittances—the chariot of God came to the hovel in Nicholson's court and took the soul of little Jinny to the palace of the King.

* * * * * * *

So Nora Wilman, a teacher in St. Barnabas' Mission School, planted; David Middleton, a local preacher among the people called Methodists, watered; and God gave the increase and garnered it.

(The End.)

Marlier Heights.

(Amy D'Arcy Wetmore, in 'Western Christian Advocate.')

Oliver's heart sank within him as he said good-bye to his father on the granite steps of Marlier Hall, and turned about to go to his room, feeling the eyes of a score or more of lads about his own age scanning him with a greater or less degree of interest, while they chatted in cozy corners or swinging seats, read their books or papers, walked up and down the broad veranda, or leaned over the parapet on the side overlooking the sea; for it was the social hour before dinner, when every student was expected to be present and at his best in dress and demeanor.

'They all feel at home here,' he thought, drearily; 'but I never shall get used to it. I've been introduced to these two fellows by the door, but they have each other, and will not care to speak to me.'

Just at that instant one of them drew a photograph from his pocket, and Oliver exclaimed, impulsively: 'Oh, what a fine dog! Is it yours?'

'Yes,' said Chester Carr. 'You must be fond of dogs, or you wouldn't have spotted this so quickly.'

'He is a spotted dog,' replied Oliver, with an engaging smile. 'Yes, I love dogs. What's this one's name?'

'Pinto. That means spotted in Spanish. Have you a dog?'

'Yes; three of them and eight puppies. I have photographs of them all right here in my pocket.'

Three or four other lads coming up, they were introduced, and joined in the conversation as the views were produced.

'Take them yourself?'

'Yes; we have a camera. It's plenty of fun.'

The heads were all together over the pictured cards, as Oliver went on in answer to boyish questions.

'Yes, that's our house, or one of them, the newest one, perched up there for the view. That is old Jonas holding Jack and Jess. They didn't want to spend time to have their pictures taken, for fear that something might happen to the puppies while they were away from the kennel. Jonas takes care of the dogs, or does anything else that he fancies.'

'And who is the young lady in this view?' asked Alvin Hyde, holding up another picture.

'My sister Alice. And that is General, the most intelligent dog I ever knew. My father says he has almost human common sense; he astonishes people.'

'I should like to see him,' said Orwell Carter, looking at the picture admiringly, and Oliver replied:

'Sister Alice expects to come here soon, to be sure that my room is all that she and mother could desire, and she will bring General. He goes with her nearly everywhere'—

'I hate dogs!' interrupted a thin, high voice over Chester Carr's shoulder; and Oliver glanced up to see an extremely handsome youth, very daintily dressed, looking in a disdainful way at the pictures; but no one supplemented his abrupt intrusion by an introduction, or by even calling his name.

'Yes, I hate dogs,' he repeated, as if in reply to Oliver's quick glance. 'I never see one without wanting to kick it.'

As no one answered, the newcomer said, indicating one of the views:

'Your home?'

'It is.'

'Country?'

'As you see.'

'I hate country. This is bad enough; but town is within easy reach. From a plantation, ranch, farm, or country place of any kind, deliver me.'

The dinner-bell sounded and he broke off abruptly, starting to the dining-room. Oliver followed him with his eyes, and one of his new acquaintances said, as if in answer to his surprised look: 'Yes, he is rude; but don't mind him. He has never been well, and has been petted until he is made up of fine clothes, good looks, impertinence and nerves.'

'He calls us the dog fanciers,' said Robert Webb, the youngest of the group, 'and doubtless you will find yourself reckoned in.'

'That will suit me all right,' answered Oliver, who had been assigned to a table with Chester Carr. 'I would rather have a dog for a friend than a fellow who hates dogs.'

'It's always like or hate with Julius,' replied Chester, 'and usually hate.'

'I shall not seek his society,' laughed Oliver, who by this time felt quite well acquainted; 'and he isn't likely to seek mine.'

Meanwhile Julius was within hearing of the conversation going on at the president's table, and soon learned that the new pupil was the son of a distinguished man, whose name was known far and wide. 'Dear me,' he thought, 'what ill luck! and I might as well have been friendly with him if I had begun right. They own a whole township down South; then they have a city residence; they have everything. Now he will be the most popular boy in the school as soon as it is known who his father is, and I will set about making the place hateful to him. I will be first, or nothing.'

So he began at once to call Oliver 'Down Country,' and to chaff him on every possible occasion. He exploited the consequence of the family, but without leading Oliver to retort.

'He really is not well,' one of the boys said, in excuse of his rudeness. 'He has heart trouble, and any excitement brings on alarming symptoms. The teachers have no idea that he makes himself so disagreeable; he only shows his fascinating side to them. You would hardly believe it, but he can be delightful when he chooses.'

'He seemed to take an aversion to me

from the first,' replied Oliver. 'I am determined to be drawn into no trouble with him. When Alice comes I will tell her, and if she thinks it best, I will go to Williston, although I like it here.'

'He is the one to go away,' said Chester, 'and he ought to go to a little girl's school, where horses, dogs and athletics would not in any way annoy him.'

'There he comes,' said Oliver, 'studying the face of his watch, as usual. One would fancy that he had an important engagement for every quarter hour. Why does he do that?'

'To have you notice the watch. It was given his father as a testimonial for something, and is really fine and valuable. I don't suppose that his people have any idea that he has it here; he told some of the boys that he had to manage pretty shrewdly to get it from the safety vault. The little fob chain is a jewel in itself. Oh, he will manage in some way to exhibit it to you!' And, indeed, he did; but the way came unexpectedly.

It was on the day of Oliver's sister's much-talked-of visit; and as she could only remain a few hours, a lunch was given in her honor in the grove on the bluff overlooking the sea—a charming, picturesque, breezy location near the hall. Really, the Marlier Heights named the school.

She was a tall, graceful young woman, plainly but elegantly dressed, and the lads who had attached themselves to her brother hardly knew which to admire most, the beautiful dog General or the mistress, whose slightest word or motion he obeyed.

'You would like a swim, wouldn't you, General?' said Oliver. 'I tell you, it wouldn't take him long to leap from here into the water for my hat should it blow off. I would let him go, only when he came out he would be an undesirable companion for ladies in white gowns and gentlemen in ducks.'

Just at that instant Julius, who had not before shown himself, came up, conspicuously, as he was always, however he might be dressed, on account of his handsome face; but now in a jaunty suit of blue corduroy, he was like some old Venetian painting.

Now, as the young lady glanced up at him, expecting, of course, to be introduced, he pulled out his watch, looked at it intently, and hurried on, giving General a ruthless and vicious kick in passing.

The intelligent dog, who had never received such an indignity in his life, resented it by a dive at the rude boy before Alice had recovered from her astonishment at the contrast between the youth's appearance and behavior sufficiently to check the high-bred creature by word or look.

'Shame! Shame!' cried the boys. 'Down General,' said Alice in her cool, even voice; but by this time Julius, the churlish offender, had sprung into a small tree near at hand, on the very edge of the cliff, and had curled his legs over a limb out of the angry dog's reach, but his weight swayed the tree out over the precipice, and he clung, a miserable figure, looking as much like an ape as a boy, suspended over the water below, into which his velvet cap was not long in falling.

'Hang on tightly!' commanded one of the teachers.

'What if one of his bad spells should come on?' said one.

'Go for the cap, General,' said Alice, glad of the excuse to get the aroused animal out of the way, as he added much to his tormentor's discomforture.

Away went General, glad enough to make the plunge, and just then Tommy Hill shouted:

'There goes your watch, Jule! There goes your father's watch into the water!'

Julius gave a howl of distress.

'He will have a bad spell and fall into the sea himself,' cried Chester.

'How are we to get him down?'

'Go for a rope, some one. We can throw it over the tree and pull it back to an upright position. Hang on, Julius!'

Alice, who had not spoken during the general confusion, now looked at her brother, who started for a narrow gap in the shrubbery at the edge of the cliff.

'No woman can go down there,' cried one of the boys. 'There are only a few of us who ever venture;' but the young girl was following her brother's lead, and they both stood on the narrow, shelving beach, as General came swimming back with the cap.

'Now for the watch,' said Alice, patting the beautiful dog's fine head. 'He will find it, if we can make him understand.' She took her own watch from its fob and showed it to him, rubbing it against his nose; then Oliver threw a stone into the deep water somewhere near where the beautiful and valuable watch must have fallen.

'Go for it, General,' he said, and the brave fellow, nothing loath, made the plunge. The first time he came up he brought a stone in his mouth; but Alice talked to him gently, showed him her watch, held it to his ear, and rubbed it against his nose, and told him again to go, and that time he came back looking so delighted and wagging his tail with so much exuberance that Oliver said:

'He must have it this time, sure.' And, indeed, he opened his great mouth, and the beautiful watch was dropped into his mistress's gentle hand.

'It was not even stopped,' she said, holding it to the General's ear, with many words of praise and endearment.

'What an elegant watch for a schoolboy to be carrying so carelessly! And it belongs to General Reading, by the inscription. How came this lad by it?'

So Oliver told the story. 'I have got on as well as I could,' he said. 'The boys all set the example of forbearance.'

'The boy is a terror,' said Alice. 'I should think that he would be better in an institution for incorrigibles than in a school like this. If he has taken such an unexplainable dislike to you, and the school is dominated by him, you would better go home with me this afternoon. A boy who will kick an unoffending animal is not to be trusted. I will seek an interview with the president as soon as we reach the top of the bluff; but how are we to get there?'

'By an easy path, but a longer one. Come this way, please. Really, you do not look very much the worse for our hasty scramble down the cliff, and General is drying off very nicely by the help of sand and sun. I hope that Julius is restored to a place of safety, and that lunch will be ready by the time we reach the hilltop. There, they see us, and Julius is coming along to meet us. You would better keep an eye on General, and don't be too hard on the poor, nervous fellow; he comes to apologize, no doubt.' Alice smiled, and as the lad drew near, she said, quickly:

'You must allow me to apologize for General. I had no idea I was bringing him where his presence would be unwelcome. I think you are the first boy I have ever met who failed to appreciate dogs.'

'Thank you for the watch, and particularly for your kindness,' said Julius. 'I don't really know what to say in excuse or apology.'

'I would simply say this,' said the young lady: '"If you will overlook the past, I will make a more manly record in the future," and I would live up to the resolution.'

'I will adopt it, and I will live up to it,' said Julius, and added in his most winning manner: 'I shall now feel very much honored if General will shake hands with me.'

'General's mistress will set the example,' said Alice, offering her hand, and at a glance from her Oliver offered his also; and General, not to be outdone, sat down and extended a paw with so much dignity that the company waiting for them on the bluff, and looking down upon the little episode, waved their hats and gave 'three cheers for the General.'

'Hereafter you may number me among the dog-fanciers,' said Julius to Chester Carr presently, and Tommy added in a quaint aside: 'Miss Alice and General in an hour have done what Marlier Heights has failed to do in a year; they have made our Julius into a gentleman!'

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The Hopes of Peace—'The Graphic,' London.
England through French Spectacles—'Illustrated London News.'
The Position in Russia—Manchester 'Guardian.'
Russia's Metropolis in the Far East—By Edwin Maxey, D.C.L., LL.D., in the 'Anglo-American Magazine.'
The Unrest in Russia—'The Spectator,' London.
The Banks and the Trust Companies—New York 'Evening Post.'
The Causes of the Dearness of Beef—'The Sphere,' London.
South America and the Empire—'The Times,' London.
Decline in Birthrate—'American Medicine.'
Princess Radziwill—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Is Society on the Down Grade?—By George W. E. Russell, in 'Daily News,' London.
Village Improvement—By Sylvester Baxter, in the May 'Century.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Life and Morals of the Modern Painter—By M. Camille Mauclair, in the 'Revue Bleue.'
Theatrical Vogues—The Mail,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

To His Friend the Author—Verse, by Thos. Heygate (1616).
Sunset—Verse, by Walter Herries Pollock, in 'Longman's Magazine.'
At Cool of Day—Poem, by Katherine A. Brock, in 'Good Words.'
Paul Leicester Ford—New York 'Herald.'
The Vigil of Venus—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
A Brave and Bonnie Tale—The Commercial Advertiser.'
The Persistency of Byron—'Academy and Literature,' London.
The Bacon Cypher—'Illustrated London News.'
Mr. Herbert Spencer's Notebook—'Daily News,' London.
Kanne ion Spik Inegliche?—'Westminster Budget.'
Mountain Silence and Valley Song—By Canon Rownsley, in 'Manchester Guardian.'
The Coronation Bible—'Daily News,' London.
How Many Loaves have ye?—From sermon by Phillips Brooks.

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Mischievous Margery.

('Our Little Dots.')

Little Margery was such a wee little darling, not yet three years old, so it is no wonder that she sometimes got into mischief.

Oneday her mamma came into the nursery with some lace, with which she wished Nurse to trim baby's new frock.

Now, Nurse was so busy with her sewing that she did not see what baby-girl was doing, but thought how very quiet she was with her toys. So she just turned round to take a peep, when what do you think she saw?

Oh, dreadful to tell! little Margery had taken the lace to play with, and with her tiny fingers was pushing it down a hole in the floor. Nurse was only just in time to take the end, and pull it out all covered with dirt, and spoilt.

When Nurse said, 'Oh, baby-girl, how naughty!' Margery said. 'Baby put it to bye-bye! Soldiers gone bye-bye, too.'

One day, soon after this, a man came to take up a board in the floor of the nursery, so as to be able to mend the gas-pipe, and there he found the soldiers, some pictures, several letters from Margery's letter-box, and many other small things which baby fingers could push down.

When little Margery grows older, she will learn not to do such things, but find nicer places in which to make beds for her pets. She so often did this kind of thing that her mother called her 'Mischievous Margery.'

The Youngest of Chinese Martyrs.

('Watchman.')

The following most touching narrative was given by Miss Jessie Gregg at the annual meeting of the China Inland Mission. It moved the whole audience to tears:

'This afternoon I want, with God's help, to tell you a little bit about one, perhaps, of the youngest of the martyrs who laid down their lives in North China. I mean little Vera Green.

'Almost before that darling child could toddle I have seen her dragging the chairs along and putting them in a row, and then standing before them with her little hymn-book in her hand and singing, and then she has knelt down in her childish way, has buried her little face in her hands and prayed. Perhaps she did not know what she was doing then, but I do know that her greatest joy was to sing and to hear about the love of Jesus.

'One night, before we left our home, her mother was putting her to bed. The child called her to her side and said: 'Mother, darling, I have given my heart to Jesus.' Yes, and I believe that little one was really one of Jesus's little lambs.

'It was about midnight on July 5 that our little home was broken up and we fled to the mountains. We were not a very large party, only Mrs. Green and the two children—little Vera, who was just under five years old, and little John, under three years old—and myself. Just before leaving, Mrs. Green took Vera aside and told her what we were going to do, and that we should have to leave home, and tried to comfort her little heart. We thought that, if she knew, to a certain extent it would help her in keeping quiet when we wanted her to be quiet. On that 5th of July, at midnight, she seemed to understand the position. She never murmured at all as she was carried out from that home in the arms of one of our servants, out of the city and up the country road, and away into a high mountain.

'As you may imagine, it was very difficult, because she was so very fond of singing, to keep her and little John quiet all those weary weeks of hiding. Many an hour have I stood beside that little girl, telling her Bible stories. There was one story above all others that she loved to hear. She would say: "Aunty, tell me about Jesus dying on Mount Calvary"; and over and over again we told her of the wonderful love of God.

'One day, as we sat together, I told her about the soldiers nailing the hands of our blessed Lord, and I turned to her and said: "Yes, darling, this was because God loved us." She wept as if her little heart would break, and said: "Did he really love us as much as all this?" Oh, the love of God! How I learned to know more of the love of God in that month of hiding! Why,

that little child led me into a secret that I shall never forget all my life! She taught me as no one ever did of the love of God.

'Early in August our hiding-place was suddenly surrounded by a band of armed Boxers, and the cries of those children were piteous to hear; they pierced us through and through. When we told them that very soon, perhaps, they would be with Jesus, it seemed to quiet all their fears, and they were quite restful and happy to know that they would go and be with Jesus, whom they loved.

'For some unknown reason the men did not kill us, but took us prisoners to the capital, Pao-ting Fu. On the way darling little Vera touched the hearts of those men; she played with them and she talk with them, and they sometimes bought her a piece of watermelon, or a few nuts, or a cake. The Chinese Mandarin at Pao-ting Fu decided to send us down to Tientsin, but we were really handed over to a band of Boxers. However, God had his purpose for us, and he used this darling little child to save our lives. She had won the hearts of those people. They made us leave the boat and get on the bank, and as we stopped on the bank this dear child turned round, and in the Chinese way put her little hands together and gave them a Chinese bow and thanked them.

'What did we see? Why, we saw tears roll down the cheeks of the head Boxer of all, and the boats glided by and we were left standing on the bank of that river. Very soon after being set free by this band of Boxers we were captured by another and fiercer band, who beat us, and tied us up and carried us on poles to their meeting-house. The children were tied up, too, and they were taken to the meeting-house. When we got there we looked for the children, and we heard their cries. They had been taken to a room, and the Boxers could not quiet them at all, and so they untied their hands and their feet, and we saw those little children going across the wet, muddy court-yard to their mother.

'Little Vera soon forgot her own trouble. She trotted across the court-yard, and she saw her mother lying on the ground there in the wet mud, and she went to her, and with her little hands stroked her mother's face and tried to comfort her. At this place we were kept in that temple for three weeks. Sometimes we knew what it was to be very, very hungry, and were so grateful to God when he sent us anything extra for the children. But whatever came in must always be divided amongst us. If it was only one apple we always had our bite of it. Mrs. Green was ill the whole three weeks.

'One day an apple was thrown to little Vera, and she took it up and gave it to her mother; but, of course, her mother, who was so ill, did not take a very large bite of it, and Vera seemed concerned, and said, "Oh, mother, you must take a bigger bite than that."

'Those little gleams of sunshine in those dreary days seemed to bear us up and let us see, more than ever, that God is love. And at the end of three weeks about one hundred Boxers determined to come and kill us, and those whose prisoners we were hid us in a very dark, damp, filthy room. Perhaps those were the darkest forty-eight hours that we ever spent in China. We almost seemed to lose our faith. And what, think you, cheered us up? That little child's words.

'As we were pent up in that dirty, filthy little room, she said to her mother, putting her little hands into her mother's lap, "Why, mother, we are like Paul and Silas, are we not?" A message from the living God to us, was it not? She often thought of her home, and wondered when we were going back to it and to the toys she had left behind—the swing and her dolls particularly. We told her we did not think she would have those things again, and her mother tried to make her understand that she was suffering for Jesus' sake. A few days after that we were cast down, and she turned around to us and said, "Oh, mother, I am so glad that I am suffering for Jesus' sake!" Here was our little one teaching us.

'One day, while in Pao-ting Fu, we were sitting in the little bit of garden connected with the house, and talking of our long imprisonment, and wondering when release would come. Vera, who was on the ground playing with the dirt with a little bit of stick, heard us, and looking up, said, "Why, aunty the Lord looseth the prisoners." Only a few days before we had been reading together, Psalm 146, and we had taken as a promise from the Lord, and had taught the children that little text, "The Lord looseth the prisoners," and here, you see, the little learner had turned round on us: we accepted it as a rebuke from the Lord.

'It pleased the Lord to gather that tired little lamb to his bosom. Just after she was five years old she died of dysentery while we were at Pao-ting Fu.

'There are other things I should like to say about her, but I fear I cannot say them; but there is one thing that has impressed me—it is this: the way of the cross means sacrifice.'—'Watchman.'

The Way It Struck Her.

A little ragged orphan girl, who ne'er
Had had a home nor known a parent's care,
And who, with shoeless feet and hatless head,
Newspapers sold to earn her scanty bread
Was taken from the city far away
With others of her kind one summer day
To look upon the ocean. At the sight
Her thin, sharp face was filled with grave delight;
And some one said: 'I wonder what can be
Her thoughts, poor child, about this mighty sea.'
She heard the words and quickly turned her head,
And in low tones, 'I's thinkin', ma'am,' she said,
'I's glad I comed, because I never sor
Enough of anything at wunst before!'

—'Harper's 'Young People.'

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LESSON X.—JUNE 8, 1902.

The Council at Jerusalem.

Acts xv., 22-23. Commit to memory vs. 30-32. Read Acts xv.

Golden Text.

'Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.'—Gal. v., 1.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 2.—Acts xv., 1-11.
Tuesday, June 3.—Acts xv., 12-21.
Wednesday, June 4.—Acts xv., 22-23
Thursday, June 5.—Gal. ii., 1-10.
Friday, June 6.—Gal. vi., 7-18.
Saturday, June 7.—Phil. iii., 1-11.
Sunday, June 8.—Gal. v., 1-14.

Lesson Text.

(22) Then pleased it the apostles and elders, with the whole church, to send chosen men of their own company to Antioch with Paul and Barnabas; namely Judas surnamed Barsabas, and Silas, chief men among the brethren; (23) And they wrote letters by them after this manner: The apostles and elders and brethren send greetings unto the brethren which are of the Gentiles in Antioch and Syria and Cilicia: (24) Forasmuch as we have heard, that certain which went out from us have troubled you with words, subverting your souls, saying, Ye must be circumcised, and keep the law; to whom we gave no such commandment; (25) It seemed good unto us, being assembled with one accord, to send chosen men unto you with our beloved Barnabas and Paul, (26) Men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. (27) We have sent therefore Judas and Silas, who shall also tell you the same things by mouth. (28) For it seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us, to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things; (29) That ye abstain from meats offered to idols, and from blood, and from things strangled, and from fornication; from which if ye keep yourselves, ye shall do well. Fare ye well. (30) So when they were dismissed, they came to Antioch; and when they had gathered the multitude together, they delivered the epistle; (31) Which when they had read, they rejoiced for the consolation. (32) And Judas and Silas, being prophets also themselves, exhorted the brethren with many words, and confirmed them. (33) And after they had tarried there a space, they were let go in peace from the brethren unto the apostles.

Suggestions.

When Paul and Barnabas had retraced their steps from Derbe, which was the last point visited, to Lystra and thence to Iconium and Antioch of Pisidia, comforting and exhorting their converts, and selecting suitable persons to be church officers, they made their way back, by Perga and Attalia, to Antioch of Syria. Here they reported to the church all the results of their journey, at a great missionary meeting. How much interested that congregation must have been who had sent them out with so much prayer! (Acts xiii., 2, 3; xiv., 26.) And the most interesting part was that though they had gone out to preach primarily to those of their own nationality, they had found the heathen more ready to listen, and so, as servants of God, had opened the door of faith to the heathen. (Acts xvi., 27.) It seems that Paul and Barnabas did not think it necessary at this time to give their report to the Jerusalem church as well. The Antioch church was an independent centre of missionary effort. Besides this foreign mission for which it may have given funds, it was trying to evangelize the country round about. So Paul and Barnabas settled down after their arduous journey (which probably had occupied about a year), and helped with the home mission work in Syria. But other teachers came to Syria, bigoted Jews who taught the converts from heathenism that, being Christians would not save them, they must become Jews as well. They must be circumcised and keep all the minute regulations about different kinds of meat, and about the Sabbath day, which were given in the law of Moses and in the commentaries of the Scribes. This foolish teaching made so much trouble that Paul and Barnabas went up to Jerusalem to get the apostles to give some authoritative declaration which would put a stop to it. After much disputing between different parties in the Jerusalem church Peter rose and reminded the assembly of the case of Cornelius, and with the impetuous warmth of the plain Galilean fisherman he spoke of the law of Moses as 'a yoke which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear.' Then the people listened to the thrilling account which Paul and Barnabas gave of their missionary journey, after which James, himself a strict keeper of the law, referred to the prophecies that the heathen would sometime turn to God, and said that the church ought not to add to the difficulties of those who were turning to God now. The result of the conference was the letter given in to-day's lesson. It seems to modern readers a strange sort of arrangement that they decided on with so much care. Why should they lay down three rules about meat and only one about morals for the converts from heathenism? We will understand this letter if we consider the circumstances. The Jews were so particular about food (some of them are so to this day) that they would not be friendly with people who eat meat not killed in the Jewish or 'Kosher' way. In order for the Jewish and Gentile Christians to be at peace, it was doubtless right for the latter to conform for a time to Jewish ways. As for moral laws, all the educated heathen knew that it was wrong to steal and to murder, but they had not a high standard of purity, and had to be taught what God requires in this respect. Many a heathen in our own day is willing to do right in every other respect, but thinks he must have several wives. It was something the same with the heathen of St. Paul's time. But those who turn to Christ must turn to purity of life and heart.

C. E. Topic.

Sun., June 8.—Topic—How the weak become strong. II. Cor., xii., 9, 10; Isa. xli., 10; lviii., 11.

Junior C. E. Topic.

MISSIONARY SUFFERINGS.

Mon., June 2.—What Stephen suffered. Acts vii., 57-60.

Tues., June 3.—What James suffered. Acts xii., 1, 2.

Wed., June 4.—What Peter suffered. Acts xii., 3-6.

Thu., June 5.—What Paul suffered. II. Cor. xi., 23-28.

Fri., June 6.—What Christ suffered. Mark xv., 34.

Sat., June 7.—'Our great tribulation.' Rev. vii., 14.

Sun., June 8.—Topic—What missionary converts have to suffer. II. Tim. ii., 3.

The Logic of Conscience

(By Rev. J. P. Gledstone, in 'The Christian.')

Conscience has a method of reasoning quite as clear and conclusive as that of the intellect; once grant the postulates, and you are driven, or drawn, to the inevitable conclusion. We may call the process mental, but it is prompted, guided, and ended by the force of conscience, which will give no peace, save as it is obeyed step by step. Admit the great Christian truths that God loves all men, that he gave his Son to be the propitiation for their sins, and that he is not willing that any should perish, and as sure as any demonstration in Euclid come the various steps by which men are emancipated from every evil. The simple ethical commands of the gospel also all propel the conscience in the direction to which its great principles and facts point. If reformers only knew it, the old and familiar words of Scripture, by which the Christian mind is enlightened, contain the germs of all progress.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS AND SLAVERY.

I know of no instance in which the steady advance of conscience from point to point is so clearly seen as in the deliverance of the Society of Friends from all complicity with slavery in America. In the eighteenth century large numbers of slaves were owned by Friends, and when, in 1714, a feeling of uneasiness arose concerning it, a Yearly Meeting could not be persuaded to do more than give an expression of opinion adverse to the importation of Negroes from Africa; 'yet this was only caution, and not censure.' In 1727 the practice was censured, though it was still continued by some. In 1758 it was prohibited. Then came the inevitable question of dealing in slaves, and of holding slaves at all, and the Christian conscience declared against both, and prompted a measure of manumission, accompanied by a sufficient provision for those set free. Conscience, moved by tenderness towards both slaves and slave-owners, kept pressing its demands, and in 1776 'the subordinate meetings were directed to deny the right of membership to such as persisted in holding their fellow men as property.' Some Friends were disowned for not complying with this advice. The next requirement of this inexorable Christian conscience was that compensation should be given—not to the masters—but to the freed slaves by their former masters for their past services! Any former slaveholder who refused to comply with the award of committees appointed to fix the amount of compensation, should, 'after due care and labor with him, be disowned from the Society.' 'This was effectual; settlements without disownment were made to the satisfaction of all parties, and every case was disposed of previous to the year 1787.' Conscience finally brought this Christian society to the only logical, safe, and abiding conclusion; and after that event the members became consistent and powerful apostles of emancipation, and, as was sure to be the case, were listened to with respect. When allowed to speak and act, conscience will never rest short of absolute consistency.

THE DRINK QUESTION.

For two generations the consciences of a large number of English Christians have been troubled about the drunkenness of the English nation, but, hitherto, no advance has been made beyond the position of persuading individuals to become abstainers, and securing some improvements in the licensing laws. But this falls far short of what conscience will require and ultimately obtain. The connection between the Church of Christ, which should be without spot and blameless, and the drink traffic, which is saturated with moral pollution, is becoming intolerable. It is a scandal to Christianity that a system so destructive of everything good, so gigantic, so dangerous to the State, so opposed to the extension of the Kingdom of God in the earth, should have been allowed to grow up to its present dimensions, and should be tolerated from year to year. It gives even the enemy cause to blaspheme, for he can see that if Christianity were properly applied to life, if only to the life of the Church, this monstrosity would ultimately be removed. It cannot be reconciled with the spirit and precepts of the Gospel. Though no express command has been spoken against drinking intoxicating liquors, yet their use as a beverage by men who profess to love their fellows wounds the conscience and raises a protest.

WHERE SHALL THE CHURCH BEGIN?

If among her own members the Church is to accomplish any reform, where is she to begin? Conscience points, in the first instance, to the trader, the man who manufactures, the man who sells, the man who makes gain, and says that he ought not to be allowed to hold office in the Church. It is revolting, or is becoming so, to the feeling of the Church, that anyone who bears the honored name of Christian should be promoting a trade which is ruining and destroying in perdition thousands upon thou-

sands of souls every year. His hands cannot be clean. He has intimate fellowship with the works of darkness and with the workers of iniquity. He is a stumbling block in the way of God's little children.

I am reminded of the case of a Church member, a brewer, who, with mistaken kindness, persuaded a fellow member, a widow, to take charge of a public-house for a living. At the end of a year she returned the key, saying, 'Well, sir, you may be able to be a Christian and have a brewery, but I cannot be a Christian and keep a public-house.' Is it not time the Church said to all makers and sellers and shareholders, 'You cannot be office bearers of any sort'? The individual conscience has in numerous instances compelled men to give up the trade, to withdraw from breweries and distilleries, and refuse grocers' licenses; and even, as lawyers, decline to invest money in the trade for their clients, and it seems reasonable that these should now be supported by the conscience of the whole Church.

Of course, it would sooner or later be required, for consistency's sake, that the members should also not be users of drink. The Divine logic would not stop short of that. But, in the meantime, it must be remembered that all along the line, in the fight against custom, love of gain, pride, appetite, and indifference, there will be constant need for patience and gentleness and love. We have brothers to convince and win; and we must give 'due care and labor' to do it. But we cannot wait for ever. As the gentle 'caution' of the Friends passed into 'censure' and 'prohibition' and 'denial of membership,' so will it have to be in the near future. Then will come a day of glorious prosperity.

Correspondence

East Pubnico, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have three sisters and one brother. My sisters' names are Lena, Gertie and Edna, and my little brother's name is Ralph. I have a pet cat. We call him Tom. I go to school every day, and I am in the second reader. My teacher's name is Miss Ellenwood. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. The church is near our house. I am eight years old. My birthday is on November 28. HAZEL O. L.

Redvers, Assa.

Dear Editor,—Since I have not seen any letters from young people of our district, I thought I would tell you a little about our place. We have a quarter-section of land, four horses whose names are Bob, Bill, Bess and Jasper, a cow, a heifer, seventeen hens and a dog named Carlo, and three cats named Judy, Tipsy and Tig. We have only about twelve acres broken, but we expect to break more next spring. I am ten years old, and go to school in the summer. It is four miles away, and therefore too far to go in the winter season. We have taken the 'Messenger' a long time and think it a fine paper. EMMA M.

Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sunday-school. I like it very much. I thought I would write and tell about Sea Island, B.C. I suppose there are some little boys and girls who have not heard of such a place. Sea Island is a small island at the mouth of the Frazer river, it is about eight miles from the flourishing city of Vancouver. There are about fifty families. We had about two weeks' snow this winter; we don't often have snow in this part of British Columbia, but we have a great deal of rain. I go to school every day. I am in the second reader. I go to Sabbath-school also and to church. GERTIE R. (aged 9).

Bainsville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is the first year we have taken the 'Messenger.' It was given to me as a Christmas present from my aunt and I like reading the children's letters very much. I go to school and study in the third reader. I study geography, grammar and arithmetic. I have one little sister called Ethel. She is five years old, and she will be going to school with me this summer. We have not far to go, and we like our teacher very much. I live on a farm close to the beautiful River St. Lawrence, and it is very pleasant in summer, and we can see the boats passing up and down. I have not many pets, but I am learning to knit and to sew very well.

GRACE H. S. (aged 8).

Brantford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am so glad the spring is coming when you can hear the birds sing. Father has taken the 'Messenger' for over two years and I like it very well. He said that the paper would be mine. I go to school every day and our teacher has been sick, so we had to have another teacher. We learn geography, history, hygiene, reading, spelling, drawing and writing, and literature. I like drawing and literature the best. We have a fire drill at school, the Principal rings the bell, and we jump up and run down the stairs and form in line in the yard. I like it very much. I like reading the correspondence the best, but the other stories are very nice. Brantford is quite a big city, the population is over 16,000 people. I have three brothers and one sister. My youngest brother and sister are just getting over the whooping cough. I have about three-quarters of a mile to walk to school. There was a little girl wrote and said her birthday was on July 16, my brother's birthday is then. I am twelve years old. My birthday is on October 12. Father said he would get me a watch when I was 13 years old. HELEN M.

Crosshill, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger.' I enjoy reading the stories and corespondence. I live on a farm. I go to school nearly every day, am in the senior fourth book. My chum at school is Ella M. Rannie. My teacher's name is Mr. R. J. Barrett. I like him very much. I was at a couple of taffy-pulls already this winter. I like nothing more than to go and eat taffy and have all the fun I want. This is a great country for making maple syrup and farming. I have read quite a number of books this winter, some of which I will mention:—'Market Handkerchief,' 'Tony the Tramp,' 'The Village Shoemaker,' 'Lady Elfrid's Escape,' and 'Follow Jesus,' and a number more which I cannot think of. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school every Sunday afternoon.

NORAH S. (aged 12).

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen no letters from London, Ont., I must try and represent this place as best I can. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school and prize it very much. I love to read the letters of the boys and girls on the correspondence page, especially the little ones' letters. In my letter I do not want to tell about my sisters and brothers, pets, etc., but I do want to say that I have a very cute little sister, and a nice, intelligent pet spaniel, whose name is Sport. I am collecting stamps, and take a great interest in others who collect also. I wonder if any who read the 'Messenger' collect. I have about 300 different foreign stamps. I also paint and draw as I have taken lessons for quite a while. I went to our church two or three weeks ago and heard an illustrated lecture on Ireland. I had no notion of the beauty and wealth of Ireland before I saw this illustrated lecture. I am in the high fourth reader, and I study quite a lot. I have read a lot, but as I have read so many books I can't say which author I like the best. All the boys around here are playing marbles and the girls skip. Next summer I am going to take a trip to New Brunswick. About three years ago I was down in Arkansas, near Little Rock. I would like to correspond with 'Snow-shoes' as he belongs to the Maple Leaf Club, and I do also. My address is:—Arnot Orton, 312 Picadilly street, London, Ont.

Glen Levit.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen many letters from Glen Levit. My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for over six years; we all like reading it very well. I have three pets, a dog and two cats. The dog's name is Busko. I live two miles from school. My teacher's name is Miss Robinson. I like her very well. I am in the fourth book. I study grammar, history and geography. I wonder if any other boy or girl's birthday is the same as mine, February 24.

OLIVIA L. G. (aged 13).

Victoria Harbor.

Dear Editor,—As I did not see any letters from Victoria Harbor, I thought I would write one. Three years ago I and my papa were at Cape Breton, and I had a very good time. I had to sleep on the train three nights, and when I was coming home I got sick and that nearly spoiled my trip. This is the first time I wrote, and I will write some time again. I am in the senior third I am 11 years old. My birthday is on the last day of August, and there is a little girl out in the country is the same age as I am I have two brothers and no sisters.

CARRIE MACM.

Sharps.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. We are two miles from a store, and seven miles from the station. We have three pigs, two horses, six cows and three head of young cattle. We have three sheep and twenty hens. My pets are one cow and two hens and a cat. I have a mile and a half to walk to school. I am in the second book. Our teacher is Miss Ganong. I have two sisters and no brothers. My sister takes the 'Messenger.' She likes it very much and reads all the correspondence. NEWTON S.

[We sympathize with Newton for the way he was treated when he sold the goods for the firm mentioned. We cannot, however, print that part of his letter here. It is always well be be careful about answering these kinds of advertisements.—Editor.]

Campobello, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I receive the 'Messenger' at our Sabbath-school, and enjoy the letters from the boys and girls. The scenes and travels described by them from time to time have led me to send an encouraging word. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to know the little folks are interested in Sabbath-schools and good literature. Many boys and girls tell of beautiful scenery, so I will tell you where I live. I line on an island which tourists seek in summer and think very beautiful. I will not weary you with my letter by writing more. Let us be faithful in our mission to God on earth, and at last receive the promised reward. N. M.

Santa Cruz, California.

Dear Editor,—My aunt in Canada sends the 'Northern Messenger' to my sister. Santa Cruz is a little country town situated about one hundred miles from San Francisco. About seven miles north of Santa Cruz is a grove of gigantic red-wood trees. These trees are many feet around and very high. Most of them are named from our Presidents or famous generals. This town is on the coast, and in summer we have great fun going in bathing, and wading in the bay. We never have snow or ice here, so I do not know what it would be to go sleigh-riding or skating. We do not have much fun in winter, but in summer we go on picnics into the woods and up the coast. I like to read very much, and my favorite author is Miss Alcott. I have got a great many books from our library. I would like a girl correspondent about my own age, which is thirteen.

WINIFRED BOWEN,
18 Kennan Street,
Santa Cruz,
California.

Eden, Thornh,

Dear Editor,—We still take the 'Messenger' for the Sunday-school,' and we all like it very much, and I liked that story in it about 'Twenty Percent.' The Sunday-school took up a collection for the Sick Children's Hospital, and also our teacher took up one for the public school. We were all glad when school opened after Christmas, because we have still our same teacher and we all like him very much. His name is Mr. W. A. Cameron. CASSIE A. J.

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Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is May, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

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HOUSEHOLD.

To Mothers.

'Don't you remember that Bible story I told you?' said a mother to her little boy, one day when the clergyman called. 'You never told me any Bible stories!' was the rude answer, as the boy disappeared out of the door. And yet, in spite of its rudeness, it was apparently true. Are there not many mothers whose children might say the same? And yet we are told in Deut, vi., 6, 7. 'These words . . . shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children.' Dear mothers, let us heed these words. How great will be our shame and reproach if one day our children rise up and accuse us because we never taught them the Bible. Of course this applies as much to fathers, but in most houses the mother is with the little ones all day, while the father is away, so she has the most time. A mother once said to me that she had no time to teach her child the Bible; but surely that cannot be so. It is quite easy to tell them stories while we sew, or even while we wash dishes or peel potatoes. We find time to tell them nursery rhymes and fairy stories, and from my own experience as a mother, I know that children will listen as eagerly, and ask as often for the stories of Samuel, Joseph, David, or Daniel, or the sweet stories of Jesus and his love, as they will for any fairy tale. But perhaps there may be some one, who, if the truth were told, would have to confess that she is not herself familiar enough with the Bible to tell her children its stories; who perhaps even hardly knows where to look to find the suitable ones. Well, in that case surely her first duty is to take time to read for herself, and to become acquainted with them as soon as possible. And meanwhile, for fear she is tempted to put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, there are so many nice, simple books of Bible stories for children; get one, and read to the little ones daily, and see if the result is not encouraging. Children of three or four are not too young to enjoy Bible stories, simply told, nor to love the dear Saviour, who so loves little ones.

Remember, the things of God are the principal things. Better to let some other work go, than crowd out the Bible. It is for eternity, and how foolish if we should work and provide for our children only for the few short years of time, and leave them unprovided for, in the long, long future of God!—'Canada Baptist.'

I Do Not Ask, O Lord.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet.
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou should shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

—Adelaide Procter.

Sweet Potato Puff.—Boil and mash the potatoes, season highly with butter, salt, pepper and cream, making them quite moist; add two well beaten eggs, beat light, turn into a buttered mold, brush white of egg over the top and bake twenty minutes.

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Finest quality of Crystal ware, handsome designs, raised Gold, flowers in natural colors, tinted effects, etc., 1 large pitcher, 6 glasses, and a beautifully embossed, nicely nickelled tray; the entire set given for selling at 15c. each only 15 stylish Gold topped Hat Pins, beautifully designed and set with large sparkling imitation Sapphires, Rubies, Emeralds, etc. Look worth 50c. Sell like hot cakes. One agent says: "CHESTERFIELD, ONT., May 7th, 1902. I sold 7 in 15 minutes. ANNIE SMITH." Write and we send Hat Pins. Sell them, return money and receive this magnificent Crystal Set free. The Jewelry Co., Box 478 Toronto.

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'